The World.
ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.
Daily Year..... $3.50
One Month..... .30
For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year..... $9.75
One Month..... .85

VOLUME 52.....NO. 18,495

THROUGH ANY AND ALL CRISES THAT MAY OVERTAKE THIS NATION, I AM READY TO PUT MY TRUST IN THE GREAT GOOD SENSE OF THE PEOPLE.

JOSEPH PULITZER,
Born April 10, 1847.

WHO OWNS THE PARKS?

AS SPRING comes on and the days grow longer and warmer the parks once more loom large in the life of dwellers in brick and asphalt. On Sundays and holidays the four great city parks—Central, Bronx, Prospect and Van Cortlandt—become pleasure grounds for thousands of men, women and children who cannot make longer excursions.

In a certain instinctive fashion people are thankful for the parks and enjoy them.

But do we ever think of them in just the right way? Do we ever consider the lawns and trees and shrubbery and lakes as—what they really are—our own property, to be valued and cared for with as much interest and attention as the vegetables in the back yard or the box of nasturtiums on the window sill at home? Have we not rather a feeling that after all these parks are something remote, related vaguely to "the city"—something to be trodden on and romped over and torn to pieces because they belong to no one in particular?

Last Saturday was one of the first fine spring days. The half-holiday brought people into the air and sunshine. In the Bronx Park particularly thousands spent the warm hours of the afternoon walking, sitting on the grass, reading the papers, lunching in groups. The lawns and trees welcomed them with the first tender touches of green.

But what did these people leave when they went home?

A bedraggled camp ground of newspapers, paper bags, boxes, banana peels and bread crusts!

An hour's walk through the park told the story.

Six people, a man and five women, sat on the grass around the remnants of a luncheon. Did they gather the fragments together into a bundle to be thrown in some suitable place? Not they. Each of the six picked up whatever lay nearest and threw it from him as far as he could, making a ring of garbage that could not be collected in an hour's time.

A little further on two chattering small boys stood by a hedge beating quite aimlessly and mechanically with sticks at the soft green buds just sprouting. They did not even see what they were doing. Their eyes were on a kite raising performance a hundred yards away.

A young man lay on his back looking into the sky. With the regularity of a piston he lifted his right heel in the air and dug it hard into the turf. He achieved a hole half a foot deep.

In the midst of an admiring crowd a peacock sunned itself and spread its gorgeous tail. A woman on the outskirts of the circle pushed a small boy forward with a shrill command, "Look, Johnnie! Be quick and get a feather!"

It is hard to believe that these people were all malicious destroyers. No doubt some of them had carefully tended flowers at home. Perhaps few of them would have left an untidy table or floor in their own houses.

But because they were in that place of uncertain ownership, a public park, they acted like thoughtless hoodlums.

Why should this be peculiar to New York? Why did the opening of the east side of Central Park to the public result in appalling ruin and devastation?

In the Bois de Boulogne thousands of people with camp chairs and luncheon baskets, games and playthings, spend whole days swarming over the grass and through the trees. Yet they contrive to leave the beautiful place as fresh and clean each night as they found it in the morning.

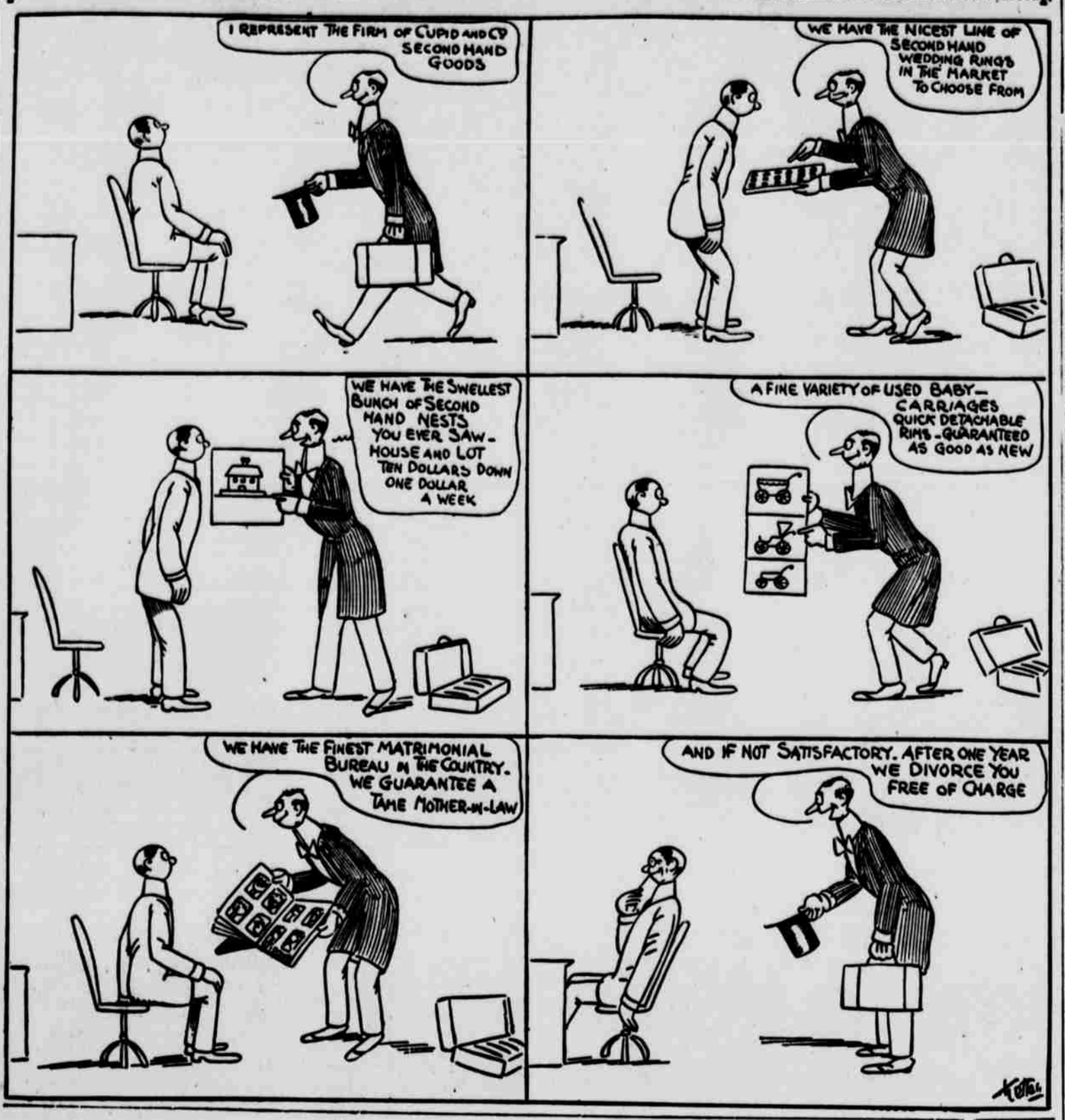
Let the people of New York make a special effort this season to look upon the parks as very really their own property, their own gardens, to be kept clean and fair. Let them resent the act of the man who throws his newspaper on the grass in the park as much as if he tossed it over one of their own fences.

The parks are the property of each and every one of us. It should be our pride and pleasure to protect them.

PROF. SARGENT of Harvard says sweeping and bread-making and scrubbing floors and running up and down stairs are the best means in the world for making women's figures beautiful. Poor Professor! Until he learns artfully to fit those motions to chair and carpet diagrams, with the solemn assurance that they have no earthly aim or end save to develop female loveliness, he'd better open no beauty institute in these parts!

AN English Countess who recently made a much heralded flying lecture trip to this country, and who returned abruptly and mysteriously, is now reported to have leased her castle to an American in the course of her stay here. Was this why the advertisement was so suddenly withdrawn?

Why Not? By Maurice Ketten



Historic Heartbreakers
By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 34—LAURENCE STERNE—"Sentimental Journey" Man.

"TALKING of widows, Eliza, if ever you are one, do not think of marrying some wealthy nabob. Because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like for her substitute so well as yourself."

So wrote quaint old Laurence Sterne to Mrs. Eliza Draper, wife of a lawyer in India, planning for their wedding, and quite ignoring the fact that both of them were already married. It was a way that Sterne had.

He was a social lion. So popular was he that he had a solid list of dinner engagements three months in advance. And people who wanted the honor of his presence at their houses were forced to send in their applications a quarter of a year in advance.

Naturally such a man won hearts by the score. Women raved about him, and he complacently received their adoration. When, at the age of forty-six, he leaped into fame by means of a single book and found himself the idol of the literary and society world he had already had many love affairs. He used to write ardent love letters, keep copies of them and use the same letter over and over for his various sweethearts. This labor-saving contrivance more than once got him into trouble. (Byron later did the same thing—with the same results.)

Love Letters That Did Double Duty.

Sterne, while still young, poor and obscure, became engaged to a Miss Lumley. She was an invalid. At one time during the engagement she thought she was about to die. So she bequeathed her fortune to Sterne. Later she grew stronger and married him. She was always a loving and devoted if not very patient wife. But he treated her abominably.

Another girl who lost her heart to him was Catherine Fourmantelle. Catherine went insane (through love for Sterne, according to some chroniclers). But he immortalized her as "Maria" in his "Sentimental Journey." And before she lost her mind he used to send boxes of candy to her, along with the rather overworked message that she was sweeter than any of the bonbons. He also wrote to her that he would give a guinea for the privilege of squeezing her hand. He did not say what price he thought a kiss would be worth at this ratio.

Then came the affair with Eliza Draper, in which he sent his newest love the same letters with which he wooed Miss Lumley.

The foregoing are but a few of Sterne's countless flirtations. His father was an army officer. Much of the amusing military information in Sterne's later writings was picked up while he was knocking about barracks towns as a boy. He was born in 1713 and achieved no special fame until 1760. Then he brought out the first part of his book "Tristram Shandy," and at once found himself world-renowned. The book would strike three modern readers out of five as being intolerably long, coarse, stupid and almost devoid of plot. But people in those days had more time to read. A quaintness of humor, a charm of diction and the brilliant, masterly character drawing struck a popular note. From Dr. Johnson to the Duke of York all London society thronged to honor the recently unknown writer.

Prosperity Was Too Much for Him.

Volume after volume of "Tristram Shandy" was published—nine in all during the next seven years—each carrying the thread of the story very little further than did its predecessor, but each being hailed with wild acclaim by the public.

Then Sterne's health went to pieces. If society's praise had turned his head, society's food and late hours had also wrecked his constitution. He travelled for a time through continental Europe in search of strength, and from his travel notes evolved the "Sentimental Journey."

This book is incomplete. It was to have contained several volumes. But within a month of the first volume's publication Sterne suddenly sickened and died.

Of all the women who had loved him none was at his side when death came. The heart-breaker died alone in his London lodgings March 18, 1768.

Tabloid Tales OF OLD NEW YORK

VI.—When a Woman Jury Sat.

NEW YORK'S first and only woman jury sat in the Court of Oyer and Terminer March 12, 1789, Chief Justice Richard Morris presiding.

Was it a little joke of the Chief Justice and his five Associates? Dignity forbid the thought! Why invite proceedings for contempt after these 123 peaceful years?

John Meeker, a very small young man, was the prisoner on trial. He had been indicted on the charge that he did "by force of arms" kidnap and abduct one Jessie Angel with intent to compel her into bonds of wedlock.

Jessie, if it may be said with no peril of libel, seems to have been heard of before in the community. She was tall and stalwart and angular, looking quite capable of taking care of herself in a fair scrimmage. And when she confessed to twenty-four years there was one to say "She has made the same confession for a decade or more"

On hearing of the indictment, so the story goes, the Justices put their heads together. Then came the order to the Sheriff to assemble a panel of twelve good wives and true.

Did the pigmy prisoner shrink again? Not for a moment. Was the statuesque complainant devoured by the curious and forbidding two eyes of every woman in the court room and in the jury box?

The jury had been out till Justices and officers and all hangers-on were tired when somebody thought to send for them.

Certainly they had a verdict, and had had it from the start. They had been talking of many things.

Oh, yes, the man at the bar was innocent, and his accuser was a wicked, persecuting woman who could not tell the truth. Different words, but such was the sense.

Concerning the case—

There was skating on the East River in those days, and it was alleged that John took Jessie firmly by the hand and skated her swiftly and fiercely up and away toward far Connecticut.

"She asked me to skate," defended John, "and I was too much of a gentleman to refuse."

The May Manton Fashions

A Smart Little Coat—Pattern 7396.

THE little coat that is loose and simple yet can be buttoned up closely about the neck is one that is much needed, for even warm days are apt to mean cool evenings, when such a wrap is certain to be in demand. Here is one that can be made quite plain or with a revers, and which is certain to be attractive in whichever way it is treated and from whatever material it is made. For the earlier season broadcloth, serge and wool of the kind are desirable; later pique, linen and other washable fabrics will be excellent. In the large view serge is trimmed with a little braid, in the small view the coat is made with a revers and finished with scalloped edges and for that treatment linen, pique, pongee and all the materials of the kind are pretty.

For the four-year size will be required 3¼ yards of material 27, 1⅞ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern No. 7396 is cut in sizes for children of one, two, four and six years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or send by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.

The Jarr Family
By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR was leading the way from the dining-room to the parlor. But Mrs. Gratch, the militant suffragette, held her back a moment with a significant glance. Old Mrs. Dusenberry, who was "lending a hand" (it being Gertrude's, the maid, day out), busied herself with clearing the table and keeping the children in good order.

"Who is this Mr. Dinkston?" asked Mrs. Gratch. "I don't like his looks. He told me he was a professional philanthropist. I know—I just know—I'm going to say a thing or two to him he won't like!"

"I don't know very much about him," replied Mrs. Jarr, her eye upon the slouching form of the other visitor as he headed up the narrow crack in the wall that Harlemites call a "private hall," in the direction of the Jarrs' front room, "he's one of Mr. Jarr's bachelor friends, I believe."

"Oh, he isn't married, then?" said Mrs. Gratch in an altered tone. "Well, he may be a very nice person, after all."

"Would you marry again?" asked Mrs. Jarr, noting Mrs. Gratch's change of voice. "I thought your experiences in matrimony had been rather disappointing."

"So they were!" said Mrs. Gratch. "So they were. But it's a hard world for a lone woman fighting her way among other women for the Cause of Civic Equality for her sex. He doesn't look like a good provider, but there's no telling what mightn't be done with him."

"But when women get the ballot they will not need good providers; they can provide for themselves," ventured Mrs. Jarr.

"Who told you that?" replied Mrs. Gratch sharply. "When women get the vote they'll make men support them even more thoroughly than they do now. Force hasn't worked in some cases. I've tried force on two of my husbands and they only ran away. But we'll have laws to make men support their wives better, and fugitive husband laws if they run away!"

By this time the two ladies had arrived in the front room, where Mr. Dinkston had seated himself at the piano stool to keep anybody from playing. He did not like piano playing. It interfered with his conversation.

"Are you actively engaged in any philanthrophy besides the Propaganda of Plate Polishing you mentioned?" asked Mrs. Gratch of the gentleman on the piano stool, as she took a seat on the sofa nearby.

"I have been engaged to a slight extent in the demotion of debt," said Mr. Dinkston affably. "But I will admit the remuneration has not been lucrative."

"What is the demotion of debt?" asked the militant suffragette.

"The demotion of debt," explained Mr. Dinkston, "is a process to assist those who desire to avoid in an honorable manner the paying of their honest debts."

"For instance," he went on, seeing the ladies were greatly interested, "debt demotion may be more aptly described as a reverse method of fiduciary adjustment of pecuniary obligations. A client has been annoyed by a series of dunning letters from a collection agency, say. These letters are sent, according to schedule, in a series beginning at 'Form A, Number 1,' and running, say, to 'Form X, Number 987.' They range in tone from a courteous inquire to dire threats of unpleasant legal processes, and from garnishees to incarceration."

"Well, don't I know that? Don't a lone woman get them?" asked Mrs. Gratch. "Men expect us to pay what we owe; but deny us, with criminals and lunatics, the franchise. I for one have made up my mind to pay nothing until I can vote!"

"The collection agencies keep complex file index systems," continued Mr. Dinkston. "The first process of debt demotion is to answer on the back of their dunning letters, as they request you, but to return Form A, Letter No. 1, with the index initials and numerals altered to, say, Form H, Letter No. 89. This throws their whole costly card index system out of gear and into the utmost confusion; a confusion which can never be straightened out until the collection agency is thrown into bankruptcy through having to buy a new card index system and beginning all over again. But the minute they endeavor to redile and index the account whose form letters and numerals have been changed, all is confusion and disruption again."

"I'd like to show you a letter I have received from a firm of lawyers, asking me 'to call and see their Mr. Browbelt,'" said Mrs. Gratch. "What on earth do they want me to see their Mr. Browbelt for?"

"Speaking as an expert," replied Mr. Dinkston, "I should think they are anxious to show you a tame lawyer. But did they request you not to feed or annoy him?"

Mrs. Gratch said they hadn't.

"Then I would advise you to keep away," said Mr. Dinkston. "A lawyer is never so tame but what he will bite or sting if you approach too near."

Mrs. Jarr Learns a Nice New Way Not to Pay Old Debts.

Domestic Dialogues.
By Alma Woodward.

Attraction—and a Proof.

Scene: Upper Broadway.
Time: Late afternoon.

MRS. G. (gotten up regardless, in spring attire)—Isn't it grand this afternoon, Henry?

Mr. G. (also conscious of new apparel)—Elegant!

Mrs. G. (breathing deeply)—Weather like this puts new life into your veins, doesn't it?

Mr. G. (concisely)—Eh-huh!

Mrs. G. (dreamily)—Why is it that spring always reminds you of youth and running brooks and things?

Mr. G. (eagerly)—Doesn't it?

Mrs. G.—Wouldn't it be lovely to be young again—real young, you know—so you could skip rope and play hop-scotch and eat pickles and chocolate creams together?

Mr. G. (seriously)—Say, you talk as though we're an old lady's home! I don't consider myself out of the running quite yet, you know, not by several summers, to say nothing of a couple of winters! Did you see little goldilocks tip me the wink just now when she passed?

Mrs. G. (scornfully)—Oh, she thought you had money, because your clothes are new.

Mr. G. (resentfully)—Say, maybe you think it doesn't happen when I got my old clothes on, too? You can't really kill a sport, you know! There's always a something, a rakish air of bonhomie that clings to him, to the end—I was born with it.

Mrs. G (very incredulously)—Huh!

Mr. G.—You don't believe it, do you? Want me to prove it? Come on! You say you're game. I'll just tell you what I'll do. You walk a step or so behind me and pretend you're alone—and I'll walk straight ahead and look neither to the right nor the left, and I'll bet you that three or four women will turn to look at me on every block!

Mrs. G. (simply, with a dash of satisfaction)—Well, maybe they would — that style that you're getting makes you look as though you're winking all the time!

Mr. G. (coldly)—Oh, say, can't you forget that style? You always pee my decoets! What's the matter with your eyes, anyway—there's a whole lot of attractive things about me. Well, anyway, are you sport enough to stand for my way of proving it?

Mrs. G. (wearily)—Yes, go ahead, do anything you like—only no matter how many turn around, Henry, I'll be able to remember every minute of the time just how distressing you look in your summer underwear! You know you can't get very forlorn things out of your mind easily. Go on, walk ahead.

(Mr. G. assumes a jaunty stride and ploughs on. On the first block three women favor him with a backward glance; on the second, five; on the third, four.)

Mr. G. (coming to a halt)—Now! You surely can't doubt the evidence of your own eyes, can you? Did you see that bunch of skirts rubber—not a piker among them, either! Now, do you see how easy it is for me—do you see what temptation assails me every time I walk abroad?

Mrs. G. (roused to defense)—Maybe you think you have a monopoly on that. Say, perhaps I couldn't rake up a couple of blocks of proof myself! I may not be a houri, but there's a sparkle and snap that doesn't blush unseen! You just walk a step or so behind and I'll prove that——

Mr. G. (explosively)—Have you taken leave of your senses—have you lost all idea of modesty—have you——

Mrs. G. (obstinately)—Didn't YOU do it?

Mr. G.—How often have I told you that the moral planes of the two sexes cannot be compared? We'll go home!

(They enter a car. Suddenly looking down, Mrs. G. discovers a giddy red and white price tag fluttering from Mr. G.'s new garment. On it are plainly visible the numbers $17.98.)

Mrs. G. (giggling)—Oh, you price-tag Don Juan! So that's what they were looking at! Isn't it great how much popularity you can buy *for* $17.98?

Mr. G. (in cold disgust)—Price tag nothin'! Didn't I tell you the same thing happens when I have my old clothes on? (Pause.) Aw, what's the use trying to make your wife think you're a smasher! Heaven knows you can't look like a ten thousand dollar beauty when you snore—an' she's always got that to throw up to you!

His Education.

"So your boy graduates this spring? What has he learned?"

"That his father's a fool and that the world owes him a living."